

# PALMS

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COUNTÉE CULLEN is the editor of this issue of **PALMS**  
which is entirely the work of Negro Poets.

'THE POEM'S THE THING.'

# Palms

Idella Purnell, Editor

Volume IV

No. 1

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SUSPENDED DURING THE SUMMER MONTH

## Two Poems

### Fog

Singing black boatmen  
An August morning  
In the thick white fog at Sekondi  
Coming out to take Cargo  
From anchored alien ships,  
You do not know the fog  
We strange so-civilized ones  
Sail in always.

### Pictures to the Wall

Shall I tell you of my old, old dreams  
Lost at the earth's strange turnings,  
Some in the sea when the waves foamed high,  
Some in a garret candle's burnings?

Shall I tell you of bitter, forgotten dreams—  
You who are still so young, so young?  
You with your wide brown singing eyes  
And laughter at the tip of your tongue.

Shall I tell you of weary, weary dreams,—  
You who have lost no dreams at all,  
Or shall I keep quiet and let turn  
My ugly pictures to the wall?

*Langston Hughes*